THE NEW REPUBLIC

Edmund Wilson, Novelist

by John Wain

Anti-Semitism in Germany

by Terence Prittie

A Stevensonian Speaks

by William R. Allen

Bad Boys, Bad Times

by Irving Sarnoff

January 18, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Humane Alternative

★ Nobody paid much attention to the world's population explosion until the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the US, November 26, surprisingly denounced the dedicated little band that have been trying to get the facts understood. The 16 bishops, headed by Francis Cardinal Spellman, used such phrases as "terror technique" and "sheerest kind of nonsense" and charged their adversaries with "hysterical terrorism and bland misrepresentation of data." This remarkable document really threw the fat in the fire.

This month the Population Reference Bureau, Inc., of this city, makes reply. Population is multiplying faster than at any time in history, it says. Each year a nation as large as Italy is added to the world. Today there are 3 billion people on earth; in 40 short years, by the end of the century, there will be, maybe, 7 billion. Most rapid growth comes in the hungriest lands: in much of tropical Latin America and parts of Asia, population will multiply 25 times in the century if the present trend continues. Obviously it can't continue. "If birth rates do not fall, death rates eventually will rise." Of the alternatives, the first, the Bureau says, is the humane one.

Eisenhower, when he heard about it, characteristically tried to sweep what may be the great world issue of our time under the rug. "That's not our business," he said, December 3. As to this column, it has stated its opinion before. The Catholic hierarchy is entitled to any religious views it wants. But to seek to belittle or deny the problem is like telling Galileo that the world does not move around the sun.

Leaning over Lyndon Johnson's back last week at his first press conference before the VP's gavel smacked at noon, we noticed the equipment supplied on a Senatorial desk. Each Senator gets two new yellow pencils honed to a point, a steel pen with fresh nib and silverplated inkwell on one side and sandwell on the other. We regret to report that the desk we were leaning over, Senator Russell's, was out of sand but that Senator Green's had nice fresh sand – a grayish, highly milled product that looked like pepper.

The House clerks were in good voice at the State of the Union joint session. They pop through the double swinging doors at the rear of the House chamber and successively roar announcements of the arrival of the Senate, the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, and finally the President himself. It is ornate; the lines are good, and it is all very dramatic. What is missing is costumes. It is disconcerting to see two clerks appear (they always come double) and do their stuff in civilian clothes. The two suits never match. The clerk who makes the announcement winds up with a bow from his hips – a beautiful, calisthenic, Buckingham Court flunkey's bow – but the thing needs breeches and a wig.

Pomp and Circumstance

★ A year or so ago we saw the Queen open parliament at Ottawa, royal coach and everything: probably the most colorful official drama this continent has ever seen. As contrasted to that, the only people in costume when Congress opens are the Supreme Court Justices and the page boys. A connoisseur of such details, we thought the page costumes had been typed for keeps a few years ago, like the West Point cadets' War of 1812 uniforms. But no! The pages still wear blue serge, but long trousers have replaced knickers. A pity.

Who can do justice to a fruity, vintage Eisenhower speech? The petal's dew-pearled and God's in his heaven! . . . The President did shake his head soberly over a number of problems and agreed that on these Congress really ought to do something; mostly they are problems created by Administration failures, the deficit, the farm surplus, education, and the like. If Congress does do something about them, then Eisenhower will (a) either veto, or (b) claim credit. This is the basic dilemma that the Johnson-Rayburn, me-too policy has created for the unhappy Democrats.

Counting Our Blessings

★ After communion service on the day Congress opened, Eisenhower informally told a group of church officials that those who get "hysterical" over achievements like space-launchings of "the "atheistic ideology centered in Moscow" should remember that we have "spectacular achievements," too, ". . . our spiritual strengths." That afternoon Moscow announced its plans for Pacific test firings.

A year ago the big gimmick in the Eisenhower speech was announcement of plans for creation of a commission to set "national goals," financed privately. No commission has subsequently been set up, and Eisenhower makes no reference to it at all in this year's speech.

Leon Keyserling's Conference on Economic Progress has meanwhile come out with its own 76-page study, "The Federal Budget and 'The General Welfare'," showing what a 5 percent growth rate could do for America. In the next five years the dollar difference between this feasible 5 percent rate and the 2.3 percent rate under seven years of "creeping negativism" of President Eisenhower, he calculates, would be about $350 billion (a third of a trillion) in total national production.

How many people who buy a car or get a loan on installment credit actually know what interest they're paying? Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) and some other Senators have introduced a simple, dynamite-packed little truth-in-financing bill requiring the vendor in every such sale to set down specifically the finance charges and the annual interest rate. A poor man gets a broker's loan and is now told it will cost him only 3 percent a month. Under the new bill that might be labeled "36 percent interest." You are buying a new home with a 6 percent $20,000 mortgage? You might find under the bill that the finance charges would equal $10,000 over the next 25 years. My, how the lenders will scream over this bill! Today US personal debt amounts to a giddy $175 billion – growing by leaps and bounds. Much of Eisenhower's "prosperity" rests on it. Dynamite is milky compared to this bill. Our guess – it will be quietly smothered.

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5. The Washington Post

Welcome to the Age of Damocles. Sorry that thing is hung up there by a hair, but you know what rope costs these days.

The President has given an account of his stewardship, but the greatest, over-riding shortage in the national accounts was not mentioned. It arises, we think, from the President's conviction that it isn't the principle, it's the money of the thing. He fails to see that there is more than one kind of mortgage on the future; there is more to a national audit than a counting of blessings and cash.

What is the President's message as the new decade begins? Save now, be strong later. Save now, educate later. Save now, cure unemployment later. Save now, reclaim our towns and cities later. Save now, research later the cause and remedy for mortal disease. Save now, build housing later. Save now, clear the air later. Save now, purge our streams later. Save now, nourish later the people – and the hopes – of new nations.

Is it that Eisenhower is incapable of grasping the strength of the Presidency or the strength quite willingly delegated to the national government by the people in recognition of the requirements of the times? Stall now, settle the steel strike later. Stall now, secure for Negroes later the rights to which they are entitled under the Constitution and the laws of charity. Along with its fixation on money debits, the President's State of the Union message encourages further default of national responsibility, glossed over by recourse to the doctrine of divided powers and the icy morality of self-help: "The traditional framework of our federal system . . . has worked effectively for nearly 200 years." The system *has* evolved for nearly 200 years, to a point where federal help for states and local communities now invigorates rather than threatens the Republic, politically as well as financially.

To favor dedicating the energies of the national government to the fostering of economic growth is not necessarily to favor deficit financing on the one hand, or reliance on a theoretical high volume of revenue to the government from such growth on the other. There is room in a balanced budget for the encouragement of growth – *if* there is a willingness to make necessary revisions in our tax structure and monetary policies; and if there is the courage and intelligence to make sense of the defense budget. Here the soldier President is the most disappointing. He, if anyone, we were told in 1952, could slice away the fat and end the waste of service rivalry, duplication, and a clinging to the old while embracing the ever-more-costly new. But instead of expert reconstruction of the anatomy of the defense budget, we have had only the arbi-

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trary imposition of an upper limit of size prescribed not by the President or any other constitutional officer, but by the Director of the Budget. The costs of national growth, even of necessary activities of government, are excluded from the budget, we are told, because defense expenditures and fixed expenses elsewhere leave no room for maneuver. We would more readily believe that if there were any evidence that the President had, in seven years in office, really come to grips with costs in a field – the military – where he should be more at home than anywhere else.

Short End of a Big Stick

We are disturbed that the President was forced to qualify his claim of military primacy: American long-range striking power is unmatched today "in manned bombers." But the existence of a missile gap, possibly a three-to-one advantage for the Soviet Union until 1963, is in effect acknowledged by lack of reference to it. Certainly one of the circumstances which makes uneasy an East-West equilibrium established by a capacity for mutual annihilation is the possibility that one side can be more annihilated than the other. Three-to-one cannot be called good odds on survival. And though the President says that "we continue to maintain . . . our always ready Army strategic forces," he does not say what any potential enemy surely knows, that we lack the transport to carry those forces where they might be needed.

But we are less anxious about the possibility of war (although we do not rule it out entirely) than by the effect of this military imbalance upon US diplomacy. We want our statesmen to be armed by more than the short end of the Big Stick. Neither our military posture nor our diplomacy is well served by a design of defense which scamps the requirements for conventional war and comes perilously close to committing us to automatic recourse to nuclear weapons if war, any kind of war, should come.

Nor is it healthy for the world to believe, with all too much evidence, that we stand on the verge of shortening our shadow in Europe, for budgetary reasons.

The nation should be dissatisfied, we think, with the state of our foreign aid program. The President says he cannot express the depth of his conviction that "we must cooperate with others to help these [underprivileged] people achieve their legitimate ambitions as expressed in their different multi-year plans." But he suggests the depth of his conviction several paragraphs later: "The goal is to enlist all available economic resources in the industrialized free world – *especially private investment.*" With all due respect for the contributions private enterprise can make, that investment is not *especially* what is needed or wanted by most of the underdeveloped nations with multi-year plans. There is unquestionable justification for asking Western Europe and Japan to do more. There is justification for combing non-essentials out of our overseas expenditures to help reduce the imbalance of our international payments. But neither of these justifications extends to the holding of our foreign aid budget to last year's level, the increasing of military aid at the expense of economic aid, and the restrictions on what economic aid is left. The "Buy American" implication of the tied-loan policy set by the Development Loan Fund was in the first instance a public-relations disaster and an unnecessary one contributing dangerously to a psychology of economic nationalism and protectionism. In addition, "tied" loans in many instances reduce the value of the dollars made available. In trade policy, a nice-nellie non-interventionism has caused this country, committed to both freer trade and the integration of Europe, to stand by while the systems of The Six and The Seven grow into great millstones threatening to grind our splendid objectives to dust between them.

The establishment of an open-end policy on suspension of nuclear weapons tests is disquieting in its suggestion that national morality and decision can subsist on a day-to-day basis.

The history of the steel strike settlement is not water over the dam, as Lyndon Johnson called it, but rather races still through penstocks out of sight, generating no one knows what economic results. The settlement is not a preface to new reliance on individual restraint or White House councils on cooperation between the warring parties. The problem of labor-management relations in an immense, near-monopoly industry has not been diminished in the slightest by the renewal of steel production.

Living the Moral Doctrine

And what is the moral state of the union? "We have been living too long," said General Eisenhower in 1952, "under people whose philosophy is that the pocket-book is the most sensitive nerve in the body. We have got to remember that moral principles, the spiritual basis of our country, are still the things that have made it great and we have got to live in that doctrine and by that philosophy. We must have a clean-out from top to bottom." The General's anxiety is relevant to the moment, and not just because of rigged quiz shows and payola. If the steel strike settlement was a "political fix," as Walter Lippmann says, and if a steel price rise follows the election, then we will have seen payola on a scale undreamed of.

We are concerned also by the turn of politics. The Republican Party has ruled out any exploration of popular preference among its Presidential entries, a development the President as party leader could have avoided had he wished. The Democrats seem ready once more, and in a Presidential election year, to blur the distinction

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between the parties by another round of clubby bipartisanship, Johnson-Rayburn style, between a Democratic Congress and a Republican President. There is a clear warning in the not-too-distant history of 1931 and 1932 against inducing in the people a belief that their political system does not turn up the answers to their problems, and their political system is being deliberately throttled down right now.

In his message a year ago, Mr. Eisenhower made much of a plan for defining national goals. It sounded good, although it was hard to see why he could not sit down and do the job with a pencil and pad. This year, there was no talk of national goals. Yet this is a subject for deepest concern: Not just the omission by the President, but the evident fact that we are finding no such goals, with or without his help. In examining the state of the union, we cannot help remembering George Kennan's savagely-expressed doubt whether a society with the empty preoccupations of this society can survive. We recall the forecast of Henry James 73 years ago in *The Bostonians*, where he anticipated "a reign of mediocrity of the feeblest and flattest and most pretentious that has ever been seen."

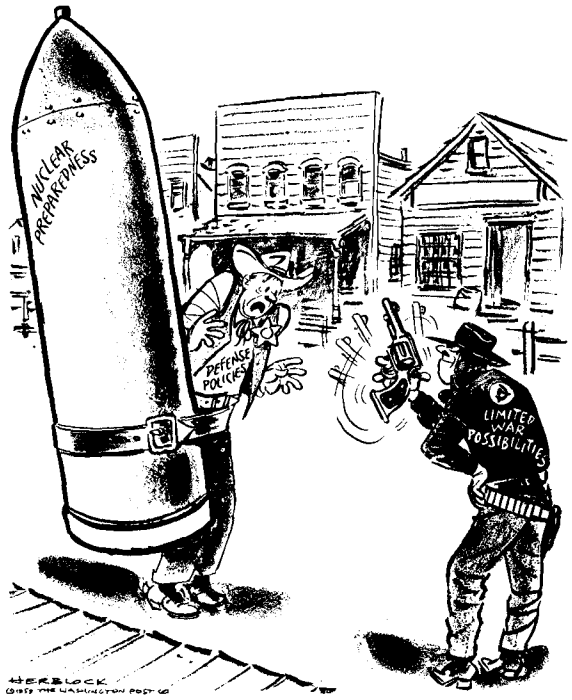
There is something a President could do about this, and it is not in outer space, or on the far side of the moon, but right here on earth. It is to mobilize the resources, the thought, the idealism of this country and of the world for the task of helping toward a decent existence the people now denied it by accidents of history and environment. And not all of these people live outside our borders. If there were 10 million arguments against it, they would be outweighed by the promise of a new opportunity to use our ingenuity and wealth in compassion and altruism. If the public response to the mobilization were to be what we are sure it would be, there would be no reason for doubt as to the state of this union.

Louisiana Goes a-Long

The outcome of the Louisiana Democratic gubernatorial primary suggests that Catholic-Protestant tensions are embedded deep. It is generally acknowledged that the basic split in Louisiana is still between the Protestant rural parishes and Catholic New Orleans and adjacent parishes. Hillbilly singer Jimmie Davis, with the support of Earl Long, overwhelmed the whole ticket headed by New Orleans Mayor de Lesseps S. Morrison by more than a 73,000 margin. Mayor Morrison, a Roman Catholic and a "moderate" on the segregation issue, made little more headway in rural North Louisiana than he had four years ago when he ran against Earl Long. A poll that was taken before the first primary showed 70 percent of those voters found a Catholic unacceptable, and Davis referred in the course of the campaign to

"In times of crisis, the newspapers are first with the cry: 'Let the people know the facts!' But perhaps Fact is a deity invoked by the people only in the last emergency when the easy gods of peace have failed them."

– Dorothy L. Sayers, 1941



"No Fair – I Can't Afford a Gun"

"It is almost as if a deliberate decision had been taken to accept second-place status."

– *Washington Post*, Jan. 1, 1960.

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"This battle is not going to be determined by which side, in 10 years' time, produces the most steel, digs the most coal and oil from the ground, or even arrives first on the moon. . . . The real question at issue is quite different. Who can organize the world in such a way that material wealth and economic power play their true part in human life, that is to say, not as ends in themselves, but as means by which man can live freely and defend his essential dignity?" – *Paul-Henri Spaak*, Nov. 16, 1959.

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"Today, the Soviets with a gross national product and an industrial capacity less than one-half of ours are nevertheless allocating to the national power sector of their economy, including military hardware and industrial plant for war purposes, an effort roughly equivalent to ours. If they continue their industrial growth rate, at some eight to nine percent per annum as is likely, the Soviets will be able, if they choose, substantially to increase their military effort." – *Allen Dulles*, Dec. 4, 1959.

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the sinister influence of "minority elements."

Morrison's defeat is a setback for Senator Kennedy whom Morrison was supporting for the Presidential nomination. And perhaps also for Rep. Hale Boggs, likewise a Catholic, a "moderate," Morrison man and a friend of Kennedy's, who now cannot count on having the support of his state delegation for permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention in July. Boggs and Rep. Richard Bolling of Missouri had been leading possibilities for that post. They both possess superior knowledge of House rules – by which Conventions also abide – and the ability to preside impressively. Both would probably be acceptable to the principal candidates for the Presidential nomination and to Speaker Rayburn, past chairman. Both are sufficiently photogenic to satisfy TV, although Boggs' Dixie accent might jar some overly-sensitive Northern nerves.

Having been on the losing side in his state's most recent election may not, however, be the fatal handicap to Boggs it might at first appear. National leaders are having difficulty finding a device for giving Southerners a prominent part in the Democratic convention. And since the general disposition is not to give them a place on the ticket or a civil rights plank of their choice, choosing one of their young men to chair the sessions may seem the least painful way to reassure the South that it too is very welcome in Los Angeles.

The Facts About Nixon

In a suit filed earlier this month in the District of Columbia against William Costello and *The New Republic* Ralph de Toledano asks that he be paid $100,000, charging infringement of copyright. Mr. de Toledano, a contributor to the *National Review* and other periodicals, author of *Seeds of Treason* and *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats*, alleges that parts of some of Mr. Costello's articles on Richard Nixon published by this journal were copied from his book on Nixon which appeared in 1956.

It is alleged also that *The New Republic* and Mr. Costello have, through the publication of "The Facts About Nixon," engaged in "unfair trade practices and unfair competition" to Mr. de Toledano's "irreparable damage." And he asks that this magazine and Mr. Costello "be required to deliver up to be impounded all copies of the magazines containing said articles and all plates, molds and other matter for making such infringing copies, for destruction or such other disposition as the Court may order."

It remains for the courts to determine the validity of the complaint, and any substantive comment on that now would be improper. Yet it seems to us that this suit reflects an attempt to discredit a respected journalist – one who has been president of the Radio-TV Correspondents Association, CBS White House correspondent, city editor of the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* and the *Omaha World-Herald* and is now the Mutual Network's White House correspondent. *The New Republic* has every confidence in William Costello's integrity and ability as a fair and responsible reporter. We are proud to have published his study of Nixon. His articles raise legitimate doubts about the Vice President's capacity to govern this country as President, but those doubts need to be raised now more than ever.

Death of a Rebel

It is a tragic irony that Albert Camus, who wrote so eloquently of the continuing triumph of pointless cruelty in human existence, should die in a pointless automobile accident last week. One of the main themes of his work is that of execution; and it seems to have stemmed from an early personal shock. As a child, he is said to have heard his mother describe an execution that his father had witnessed; and the memory of it remained throughout his adult life, taking the form of recurrent dreams in which the dreamer walked alone toward the scaffold. The dreamer became himself, and to the end of his life, Camus was a spokesman for justice.

For his literary production, "which with clear-sighted earnestness illuminates the problems of the human conscience in our time," the Nobel Committee chose to honor him in 1957. In the passionate force of his intellect, Camus was a writer of a kind the French so often produce; but he was not, as he himself knew, a philosopher. And while his novels have a seemingly logical structure, the events they describe have the quality of a nightmare. It is this quality that reminds us that Camus was a native of Africa, part of that Algeria he loved, where, he liked to remind us, a mixture of races had often, as in America, produced happy results. The son of an Alsatian father, who was killed in the battle of the Marne when Camus was only one year old, and a mother of Spanish origin, he grew up to embody the spirit of the Mediterranean, where, he wrote, an intelligence "intimately related to the blinding light of the sun" has always collided with tyranny. Haunted by death (he nearly died of tuberculosis at the age of 17), he had in him something of the fervor of the Spanish mystics; but the terrible light of his vision was thrown upon this life rather than upon the mysteries that lie beyond. He was a rebel, but for him rebellion could not exist "without a strange form of love."

The forces of pointless cruelty are still triumphant: the last words of the Emperor Caligula in a Camus play soon to be presented in New York are "I am still alive." And yet one cannot believe that Albert Camus, who wrote that the "real generosity toward the future lives in giving all to the present," has given that all so briefly and so brilliantly in vain.

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A Stevensonian Speaks

Recently I told a friend that I would never quite recover from my disappointment if the Democrats fail to renominate Adlai Stevenson in 1960. The friend expressed the fear that he might never quite recover from a third Stevenson campaign, because of the feeling of personal involvement which Stevenson uniquely inspires and the consequent trauma one experiences while following Stevenson's struggles.

Since a Stevenson campaign *is* different, it cannot be conveniently taken in stride or ignored. How unusual to observe high mental competence and scholarly sensitivity on the political rostrum! Here is a man who is articulate and literate, amusing and inspiring. Here is a man with a genuine interest in public issues and a fundamental urge to analyze, with a willingness to struggle and to sacrifice for comprehension and a scorn for oversimplification. Here, in short, is a man.

Many of us tend to be more *Stevensonian* than *Democratic*. Indeed, in light of the party's position in such areas as agriculture, labor, and monetary management, a professional economist may well feel that he can support Stevenson only in spite of Stevenson being a Democrat. For us, Democratic victory as such is little to bleed for, if, indeed, it is to be welcomed at all. Democratic victory without Stevenson as the candidate could easily be only a minimization of loss, at best, and not a maximization of gain. In most elections, the choice of the lesser evil is the best that is possible; with a man of Stevenson's caliber on the ballot, there is available a very different sort of alternative. I want to have that alternative next November.

To those who are Stevensonians and who believe that something less than the Fate of the Republic hinges on which party is victorious in 1960 (and probably most Stevensonians are too sophisticated to believe that a Republican triumph would be tantamount to national total calamity), it is not very persuasive to say simply that "Stevenson can't win." For one thing, it is scarcely self-evident, to say the least, that Stevenson would stand a poorer chance than any other obvious candidate. But, strange as it probably seems to most practical (or practicing) politicians, those of us who are vastly more intrigued by the qualities of an extraordinary man than by the prospects of party victory do not feel compelled to fight out the question of which Democrat is most salable. We do not feel obliged to argue, even if we believe that Stevenson *would* run the best race; we feel it sufficient to contend that Stevenson *should* be nominated.

Do not come to me with an alternative to Stevenson unless you are willing to state the criteria and standards by which you decided on your alternative. And if your criteria and standards are in terms of electability rather than excellence, of strategy rather than principle, do not bother to come to me at all.

The thing which hurts most about the Stevenson defeats of 1952 and 1956 is not that so many preferred a fatherly hero with a Huckleberry Finn smile and who looks and speaks like an inarticulate Daddy Warbucks. This was easily predictable – and many Democrats would have loved having such a candidate on their own ticket. The really depressing thing is the frailty of the idealism of some earlier Stevenson supporters.

Alas, some of those splendid liberals who so proudly proclaimed their dedication to the Grand and the Noble in 1952, and who so joyously expressed their gratification that in Stevenson they had a man worthy of their pure and glowing faith, appear now to have been only summer patriots. It is not difficult to be brave in the absence of danger or dedicated to an apparently winning cause. But the exacting test is: Are you prepared to draw a line decreed by mind and conscience and to defend that line irrespective of the odds on victory?

Many of us believe, with Stevenson, that it is "better to lose the election than mislead the people." Some, whose primary allegiance is to partisan expediency, accepted that principle only in form and not in substance, as if it were nothing but campaign oratory.

To express the basic case for Stevenson in terms other than the probability of his winning the election, if nominated, is not to concede that his chance of winning is lower than that of alternative nominees. (Indeed, purely on the basis of strategy, there would seem to be wisdom in nominating a man who has in the past so effectively crossed swords with that frightening individual who, it is now apparent, will lead the Republicans into battle.) But it is true – and this, also, was easily predictable – that Stevenson's very assets have plagued him in some circles. Some are uncomfortable with a clever, quick, witty, thoughtful and courageous man. It is tempting to conclude that Stevenson is too good to be President. Speaking literally, that is nonsense, for the job calls for the best. However, speaking practically, Stevenson may be too *obviously* good to be *elected* President. Perhaps, in the tradition of Lincoln (but not of Wilson – or of Jefferson and other giants), electability requires that a man's talents be camouflaged.

I am perfectly willing to negotiate with the former supporters of Stevenson, but only on these grounds: (a) bring me a man of Stevensonian quality who (b) stands a perceptibly better chance of winning. I suspect that few will meet condition (b) and still fewer condition (a). I will be astounded if I am presented with a man who meets both conditions.

William R. Allen
University of California, Los Angeles

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ELECTION PROSPECTS FOR 1960 – II

Which Way Is the Tide Running?

by Louis H. Bean

During the past eight years political analysts have had to recognize the unusual fact of two political trends, one determining party strength in Congress, the other, the outcome of Presidential elections. Normally you can judge which party will reign in the White House if you can correctly anticipate which party will control the Congress. This was a useful rule in the elections up to 1948, and even 1952. It did not hold in 1956 when Eisenhower increased his own margin over that of 1952 but not that of his party in the Congress. The failure of his coat-tail influence to give him a Republican Congress indicated that the major political tide, the one governing the control of Congress, was going in the opposite direction and foreshadowed the rise in Democratic strength in 1958.

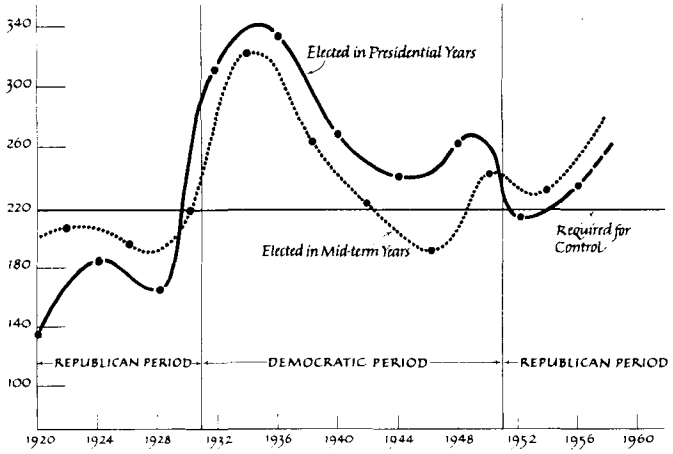
What is the Congressional election tide today and what will be its direction after the 1960 conventions?

First a word as to how we measure the Congressional election tide. Since the number of Congressional seats has remained constant at 435 from 1912 to 1956 (two more now with the admission of Alaska and Hawaii) the simplest measure is the changing number of either Republican or Democratic Congressmen, as the number tops 218, the minimum needed for House control.

This 50-year record is not as smooth as one would like for sure-fire forecasting, but if you understand the reasons for its major movements you can see why so many well-informed Republicans have given up hope of regaining control of the Congress in 1960.

THE DEMOCRATIC TIDE IN CONGRESS

NUMBER OF DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMEN ELECTED 1920-58



The first high point in the Democratic political tide of the past 50 years was produced by the Roosevelt-Taft split in 1912. In that year of their peak strength, the Democrats elected Woodrow Wilson and 290 Democratic Congressmen. The next low point came in 1920 when in a postwar depression they lost the Presidency to Harding and elected 132 Democratic Congressmen.

This was followed by the all-time peak in 1936 when the Democrats re-elected Franklin Roosevelt and with him 333 Democratic Congressmen.

The next tidal swing was downward, and it lasted 10 years. In three major setbacks, in 1938, 1942 and 1946, the wide margin of New Deal control was drastically reduced. The Democrats elected only 188 of their Congressional candidates in 1946 and lost control of both houses. Conforming to the historical span of about 22 years between peaks (1890, 1912, 1936) the New Deal tide had by 1946 completed its downward phase.

It was this view of the course of a typical political tide which led me in 1947 to suggest that if history continued to repeat, the 1936-46 downward trend in the Democratic tide would turn upward to reach its next peak in 1958. The trend was in fact reversed by the Democratic Congressional victory that I anticipated for 1948. And now it is possible to say that the strong Democratic Congress which repetition of history suggested for 1958-59 has also come true. Compared with only 188 Democratic Congressmen elected in 1946, 283 were elected in 1958, and if that mid-term election had been held in 1959 the Democratic tide would have risen to the heights of 1934-36, as indicated by the continued advance in Democratic popularity shown by Gallup polls during the first half of 1959.

Will the Democratic tide in 1960 go still higher or will it start on downward again, following historical precedent? Two considerations are involved. One is the fact that 1960 is a Presidential election year which, in a period of Republican control of the White House, would normally cut down Democratic Congressional strength. The other is the coat-tail influence of the winning Presidential candidate.

The record gives a fairly clear clue as to what to expect. It becomes even clearer when you follow it in

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the chart at the bottom of the preceding page.

Take first the Republican period, 1920-28. As I have demonstrated elsewhere, the party in power loses ground in mid-term election years and gains in Presidential election years. In line with this rule the Democrats in the 1920's *lost* as follows:

Election Years	*Democratic Seats Lost*
1918-1920	59
1922-1924	24
1926-1928	32

During the next period of Democratic control the Democrats lost ground in the mid-term years (exception, 1934, when the upward sweep of their tide was stronger than the normal down-swing of mid-term elections) and *gained* in Presidential election years, as follows:

Election Years	*Democratic Seats Gained*
1930-1932	97
1934-1936	11
1938-1940	4
1942-1944	21
1946-1948	75

In the current Republican period the pattern appears to have been distorted:

Democratic Congressmen Elected, 1950-1958

				Change
1950	234	1952	213	−21
1954	232	1956	234	2
1958	283	1960	?	

The Democrats lost 21 seats in the first Eisenhower election, gained 19 in the 1954 election in line with our formula, gained two seats in 1956 (when normally they should have lost 25 to 30) and gained nearly twice as many seats in '58 as was normal for a mid-term election.

More light on the course of the political tide in Presidential and mid-term Congressional years from 1920 to 1958 is shown by the chart. Note that by the simple device of connecting the mid-term results with one line and the Presidential-year results by another you can see at a glance the three major impacts on the political tide during this 28-year span which occurred in 1930-36, in 1948 and in 1952. The great depression of 1930-36 gave the Democratic tide an abrupt lift. The Truman victory sharply reversed the declining trend in 1948, but this was quickly followed by the Eisenhower impact in 1952.

The real significance of this charted record for 1960 lies in the two trends connecting the two Presidential years, 1952 and 1956, and the two mid-term years, 1954 and 1958. As in the previous Republican period in the 1920's the Democrats did better in the 1954 and 1958 mid-term years than in the two Presidential years, 1952 and 1956, but there is a striking difference: The Democratic trend has been sharply rising since 1952, and as the polls indicate, it rose still higher during 1959.

What conclusions are we entitled to draw from this rising Democratic Congressional strength? It could serve to check the number of seats the Democrats would normally tend to lose to the party in power in a Presidential election, keeping the losses down to a very few, if the Republicans win the Presidential election. This rising Democratic tide could increase their control of Congress still further if they elect their Presidential candidate. But tides do not stand still, and Gallup's latest test shows the Democrats have receded in popularity by a couple of points back to the November, 1958, level. The present Democratic tide is therefore the equivalent of about 283 seats. Another Republican candidate with as high a popularity appeal as Eisenhower would cost the Democrats no more than about 25 seats, the number they lost in 1952. But the Democrats would have to lose 64 seats for a Republican President in 1960 to win with a Republican controlled Congress.

Losses of this magnitude do not occur except in years of sharp business recessions and such a development would only make a Democratic controlled Congress in 1961-62 doubly certain.

ANTI-SEMITIC OUTRAGES IN WESTERN GERMANY

The Generation of Nazis

Bonn

The anti-Semitic outrages in Western Germany, which began with the daubing of swastikas and slogans on the Cologne synagogue on Christmas day, have already produced a chain-reaction, at home and abroad. At home the Federal Government has issued worried statements, both the Federal Cabinet and the Bundestag have promised to give the matter their urgent attention, and local authorities have begun the task of tracking down instigators and examining their antecedents.

Abroad, in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Austria,

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Greece, Italy, Mexico, Scandinavia and the United States there have been similar anti-Semitic incidents. With the possible exception of Austria, there is some reason for feeling that these have owed something to anti-German feeling and that they have been designed to discredit the Federal Republic. How else should one explain the fact that so many slogans on synagogues outside Germany have been written in German?

It is easier to analyze the effects of the anti-Semitic activities in Germany than to pin-point their causes. Here, then, are some of the most obvious effects. Dr. Adenauer has been deeply disturbed and is inclined to the view that a "smear-campaign" against the Federal Republic is under way. His Minister of the Interior, Gerhard Schroeder, is intent on proving that there is little genuine anti-Semitism in Germany, and that appeals for a purge of ex-Nazis from government service, the Bundeswehr, the legal and teaching professions, are entirely out of place. But, of course, Schroeder is himself a former member of the Nazi Party.

The state authorities – who have had to get on with the practical task of examining the records of right-wing parties and associations that might have inspired the outrages – seem more inclined to believe that ex-Nazis have encouraged discordant, dissatisfied young people to give vent to their feelings of frustration. There is much to support this view; but at this point it must be said that these authorities have shown far more energy than in the past, when dozens of Jewish cemeteries were desecrated literally hundreds of times, and the police merely attributed such acts to "young hooligans" or "children at play."

The great mass of the German public has been scandalized, if not always for the best reasons. With their intense sentimentality, Germans were – for instance – horrified primarily because Christmas was chosen for the Cologne outrage. There was nothing like the same spontaneous disgust when the Dusseldorf synagogue was desecrated some months earlier. Many Germans, too, have given as the main reason for their disapproval the fact that the Federal Republic's "good name" will be damaged. But plenty of others have hated these anti-Semitic outbursts for their own sake. And the West German press has shown a commendable unanimity in condemning them.

One result of the outrages may be the banning of the German Reichs Party, which inherited the mantle of neo-Nazism from the banned Socialist Reichs Party of ex-General Otto Remer six years ago. The German Reichs Party is small – it has 17,000 members and it polled only 300,000 votes at the 1957 Federal election. It is led by ex-Nazis who show no particular sign of repentance. Its departure from the political scene would be no loss to German democracy. But it would not solve the problem of anti-Semitism. For a similar party would spring up, under a new name but backed, from the shadows, by the same survivors from Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda and by the same "Hitler-Boy Quex" heroes of World War II. The 70 youth associations which the party has formed all over the Federal Republic would survive, even if they might change their names and chairmen. So would the neo-Nazi publishing-houses (*Plesse Verlag, Druffel Verlag* and so on), the right-wing "discussion groups" and the barely veiled anti-Semitic societies like the "Ludendorff Movement" and the "League of National Youth."

The Federal and state governments can, of course, proceed against these publishing houses and societies. More important, they can take more active steps to see that the history of the Nazi era is properly taught in the schools, and that ex-Nazis with criminal records are removed from the teaching profession. They can see that men who served on the war-criminal Freisler's infamous "People's Court" are finally removed from the judiciary. They can, finally, bring disturbers of the peace to justice and can punish them with fitting severity.

Yet all these are superficial remedies for a malignant growth in the heart of the German nation. What has to be remembered is that there are still plenty of ex-Nazis living, who have never renounced Nazi teachings or ideas. Only a small minority of them are today "politically organized." This does not make the influence of the remainder any the less dangerous. Men like "Papa" Ramcke, who fought his famous defense of Brest with his "Green Devil" parachutists; Hans Rudel, the wartime air-ace who was a national hero; Kurt "Panzer" Meyer, who led the Waffen SS in war with reckless bravery – men of this stamp treat "Bonn democracy" with the utmost disdain. Nor are they unattractive figures. On the contrary, they were capable leaders who had the complete confidence of their men, they have been strictly loyal to their Nazi ideals, and they have that quality which the Germans admire most of all – "*Ausdauer*," an instinct for "lasting out" in face of every misfortune.

The anti-Semitic problem will continue to be a serious one in Germany until a whole generation of 100 percent indoctrinated Nazis has passed away. For these indoctrinated Nazis offer ideals, even if they are perverse ones. What other ideals are available to Germans today? Patriotism – when their country is divided? Traditional loyalties – when almost every tradition has been swept away? European Union – when the Six and the Seven are at sixes and sevens? The safeguarding of the West – when this costs a lot of money and leaves Germany divided? Rather, many Germans will say, the Fallen Angels than the smug little minions of Bonn democracy. Anti-Semitism will continue to be a problem in Germany for at least 15 years to come. Its existence is, and will remain, one of those special factors which make the position and prospects of a divided Germany so unstable.

TERENCE PRITTIE

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REPORT FROM CUBA

"We Are 50 Years Behind"

Manzanillo, Oriente Province

The sign was similar to the platitudes that appear on stateside desks and counters warning: "My Mind Is Made Up. Don't Confuse Me With The Facts." But this was the commandant's desk at a barracks of girl soldiers in Cuba's Sierra Maestra. And the message read: "Be Brief: We Are 50 Years Behind." The difference in messages is a better measure of the gap between two nations than the 90 miles between Florida and Castroland.

The girls are taking a census to determine how many mountain children there are who must benefit from Cuba's new compulsory education. Anticipating the answer, the Cuban Army is building in the Sierra foothills a "City of Children" to take care of 20,000 pupils between ages 6 and 18 who will come there for education in both basic and agricultural subjects. They will be exposed to modern farm methods and machinery. They will be fed and clothed by the government and sent home periodically to visit and help their families. Some 600 structures – dormitories, libraries, schools and a hospital – are supposed to go up by July 26, 1962.

The children's city is being built with Agrarian Reform funds. And Agrarian Reform means more than creeping Robin Hoodism. It means roads, boats, fish, schools, hotels – everything that can possibly transform Cuba in time from the one-crop (sugar) economy that produced a few wealthy landowners and many poor.

In Oriente Province – which is the center of the country's agriculture, poverty and revolutions – the most powerful man is the Agrarian Reform chief, Dr. Rene Vallejo, a bearded 38-year-old surgeon who once served in the US Army. "I think Fidel is a genius," Dr. Vallejo says. "He gets the money for Agrarian Reform and he puts it in the bank. He comes to me and I tell him what has to be done. Then he takes out his checkbook and writes me a check for a million dollars for a fishing cooperative and a check for a hundred-thousand dollars for another project. There is no red tape, no paper work, and you can be sure of the man's absolute honesty. There are some departments in any government that are good for nothing but slowing things down with paper work. But the way Fidel operates, I walk ahead and let the papers catch up with me."

It is hard to conceive of officials informally running public business as if the national treasury was a joint checking account, but to Cubans, Fidel means faith as well as incorruptibility. The assertiveness with which Cuba is striding toward *manana* can be attributed to this public trust and the way Cubans have united around their one symbol of hope. The brash question, posed to President Eisenhower by a newsman, about what is "eating" Castro should have been: "What's eating Cuba?"

A one-word answer occurs to a *norteamericano* who has just spent two weeks traveling across this fierce island by bus, jeep, DC-3 and prop-jet: "Revolution." When Fulgencio Batista's plane taxied to the runway at Camp Columbia and lifted seven years of tyranny from Cuban shoulders, the revolution was no more than a preliminary upheaval. Like any revolution, good or evil or somewhere between, Cuba's is one of excesses and complexes. The unwholesome excesses – six-hour television speeches, circus trials, lurid accusations – have been clinically and vividly presented to the world, perhaps because they occur in Havana, where the foreign correspondents are concentrated. The admirable varieties of excess – building a motel in the middle of a cattle co-op because you're sure visiting farmers will want to see what you've done; volunteering to join a truckload of city folk who spend Sundays helping soldiers construct the "City of Children" – cannot be witnessed from the roof of the Havana Hilton. Reporters who do try to learn in Havana what's happening in rural Cuba get lectures, but not much help, from a government that derives its public-relations policy from the 19th Century poet, José Marti: "Build now, propagandize later."

Cuba has its share of inferiority and persecution complexes. Counter-revolutionaries, reactionaries, *latifundistas* (exorbitantly rich landowners), Batista men, and Trujillo men draw the greatest abuse. The United States' quota of vitriol is rather small for a large nation that converted Cuba's War of Independence into the Spanish-American War and then tarried for what Cubans consider an unduly long period of "administration."

But when a US diplomat takes a paternalistic tone or a US publication misquotes Castro, the explosion in Cuba is greater than that which sets it off. Castro – whose reactions are sometimes poetic, sometimes earthy, but always bigger than life – reflects and inspires this reaction. If, shortly before air time, he happens to see *US News & World Report's* long-running feature, "Why Castro Can't Last," or a whimsical newspaper story alleging that Cuba's Santa Clauses will have black beards next Christmas, he is likely to devote 30 minutes of his six hours to a denunciation of US foreign policy. The denunciation, however, will take up 80 percent of the space devoted to Cuba in the US press the next day.

ALAN LEVY

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JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

In a time when a haunting fear of world destruction is no longer a sure sign of eccentricity, it is almost comforting to concern ourselves with such an obvious symptom of social pathology as juvenile delinquency. During the past year, the continuing increase of youthful criminal behavior in America has erupted upon our prosperity like a running sore on a full belly. And although some localities, such as New York City, seem to be especially afflicted, the problem is undoubtedly of national scope.

Bad Boys, Bad Times

by Irving Sarnoff

Attempting to explain the rise of juvenile delinquency, child care experts, parents and the delinquents themselves have given us a dreary catalogue of precipitating social causes: overcrowded schools, shifting populations, poverty, international tensions, misguided parents. The likelihood, of course, is that each of these, in varying degrees and for different children, makes its noxious contribution. But although this conclusion appears to be eminently logical, I must hasten to point out that the youth of other nations are exposed to many similar difficulties, often in even greater measure, without resorting so frequently to crime and violence.

Admittedly, if we established more community psychiatric clinics and persuaded more neurotic parents to attend them, we might prevent many cases of delinquency. More adequate housing for impoverished workers might have similarly beneficial effects upon a number of their children. Certainly, to take a final example, the improvement of educational facilities would invigorate the morale of pupils and teachers alike. And since the usefulness of these and other remedial approaches are virtually self-evident, we must not fail to apply them. But we should not expect any or all of them to be more than partially effective. For the heart of this problem does not lie in defects which are alien to the mainstream of an otherwise wholesome society. On the contrary, juvenile delinquency in America is largely a reflection of institutions, values and ideals which typify our way of life. It is only when we view many of our delinquents as children attempting, unsuccessfully, to cope with the stresses and conflicts engendered by these *normal* aspects of the American scene that we can hope to understand and, perhaps, help them.

In this space, I cannot hope to be either exhaustive or scientifically rigorous, or pretend to cover the host of class, caste and regional differences which may be found in America. I can only present some impressions and speculative interpretations.

American society, like every modern society, is characterized by a variety of conflicting values, often inculcated by the same educational agents. Thus, on some occasions, a child's parents may preach the doctrine of human brotherhood; on other occasions, however, they may disparage people who belong to ethnic groups different from their own. In this instance, the child is led to adopt equalitarian and non-equalitarian values which are irreconcilable, and as a result he may suffer emotional strain whenever he confronts a situation in which a definite choice between the two is required.

Yet, although such conflicts are a widespread source of discomfort, they are neither as significant nor as damaging as those which occur when a child finds that the *realities* of social life are at odds with the social ideals he has accepted as his own. For example, a child who is taught to cherish personal honesty cannot fail to be appalled by the spectacle of deceit on TV revealed by a Congressional investigation. If he sees repeated instances of official, semi-official, or customary disregard of values that everyone is presumed to hold dear, a child may react with resentful disenchantment.

Every child is expected to reconcile the discrepancies between code and practice which he discovers as he grows up; a complete integration is impossible. The child tends to follow either the values explicit in the code or those implied by the facts of social life. But in wrestling with these decisions, unfortunately, the American child receives relatively little support in favor of cooperation, intellect and humanism. Instead, however much we may talk about non-material values, we tend neither to nurture them nor to reward those who pursue them. We evaluate a man by his bank account, his goods, his affluence. We urge our children to be "hard-headed," "realistic," "down-to-earth"; in short, to give first priority to material self-interests. If an American child is faithful to values, he may be considered foolish or a "sucker." "What can you do with it?" is the dreaded, unanswerable question which hounds every student of English literature, history, art

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or any other subject that is not a ready means to an esteemed financial end.

Children are not easily deceived. They observe their parents, their relatives, the adult models toward whom they look for guidance on how to shape their lives. And what do they learn? That hard, productive and interesting work is its own reward? That the way a person lives is more important than what he has or can get? Rarely. More typically, they see that adults insatiably crave more and more and more; that what matters is the bounty and not how it is come by; that frequently our one sustaining interest, the center of our conversations, is the acquisition and consumption of goods! "What good is happiness? It can't buy money."

Picture a child glowing with selfless enthusiasm, a child with a naïve sense of honor, right and goodwill. Such a child is hard pressed to maintain his integrity. Can we really be surprised if some children decide to strike out directly for the prize, to by-pass more complicated or arduous methods of making their fortune? Seen in this light, many of our youthful thieves and burglars are expressing, with a child's forthrightness, the values they see us pursuing. Indeed, we may be witnessing the emergence of a new type of criminal, the respectable racketeer. When brought to justice, he insists with sincerity, like Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*, that he was only trying to make a living for his family.

Individual enterprise, competition are cornerstones of the American creed. They have liberated an incredible amount of energy, the sort of reckless, unsparing human effort that levels mountains, drains swamps, and waters the desert. They have imbued us with a zest, an expansive optimism that sometimes startles people of other lands. Moreover, the competitive character of our society has been a democratic influence, offering men of humble birth the chance, unequalled elsewhere, of moving upward. It has speeded the attainment of a remarkably high standard of comfort and technology. For long in our history, this competitive outlook served the community well, spurring our forefathers to dig into the Atlantic coast, to pioneer westward, to create the sprawling industrial empires.

But now the land is settled, the frontier and its survival demands has disappeared, and although astonishing amounts of wealth continue to be amassed in America, the rags to riches romance of the early 1900's has ceased to be commonplace. Furthermore, those Horatio Alger sagas – which told us that honest, conscientious and dedicated work reaps the harvest of gold – may not have been, even then, accurate. Surely the original Horatio Algers, as personified by Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, were not virtue incarnate.

Since, as compared with the past, our competitive strivings have fewer constructive and impersonal outlets, they are becoming an increasingly destructive force. Instead of using our strength and ingenuity to subdue intransigent nature, we stand pitted against each other. This interpersonal struggle pervades all aspects of our lives and fills us with restlessness. Whatever we have already earned or accomplished is insufficient. We feel that we must show constant increments, not only to express our own limitless notions of success but also to keep from being surpassed by our competitors. Even in the cloistered confines of our universities, the guiding principle for an academic career is "publish or perish!"

In spite of our renowned friendliness and sociability, the atmosphere of our work-a-day world is charged with envy, callousness and distrust. Of course, our conventional Judeo-Christian ethics still preclude too open a display of hatred and jealousy; and we make the adjustment by "selling" ourselves in terms of a genial cordiality. Yet, dissimulation only diverts our anger into such devious, but no less damaging, forms of expression as insanity and psychosomatic illness.

While our children are subject to the same competitive pressures, they have less guile, less patience, less resistance. When they aim to go forward someone is likely to get pushed out of their way. It is true that their games and their schools provide fairly safe methods of competing and of siphoning off the hostility which competition arouses. But even in the most genteel form of competition, it is impossible, by definition, for the majority of children to be successful. And when successful competition is so universally cherished and encouraged, failure may appear intolerable.

It is a testimony to human endurance and flexibility that so many of our children do manage to "adjust" to this situation. That is, they evolve a repertoire of compromises which prevents them from becoming excessively defiant. Some children, however, cannot achieve this delicate balance. They resort instead to extreme types of compensatory devices, one of which involves aggressive behavior. As I have already implied, the use of force is the most direct and natural means the child has for asserting his superiority over others. Hence, many children who fail in socially approved and institutionalized competition may attempt to vindicate themselves by bullying their peers.

Many juvenile crimes seem to be the outcome of group rather than individual action. The degree of organization, planning and discipline of some of these groups or gangs is startling. Is it not possible that in these gangs, many children find a mutual loyalty, a sense of common purpose which represents both a repudiation of and a relief from the demoralizing competitiveness which surrounds them? Perhaps this is a delinquent counterpart of the conformity in thought and action which is an outstanding feature of our lives. For conformity may help us to restrain our underlying and ex-

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traordinarily self-seeking competitiveness which, if fully unleashed, would make delinquents of us all.

If my thesis is correct, there may be no significant reduction in the incidence of juvenile delinquency until the cultural ideals which give it impetus are altered or counterbalanced. Unfortunately, the ethos of a society is slow to change. It is infinitely easier to tackle some of the blatant manifestations of our basic distress. For example, in passing laws which restrict or forbid the sale of switchblade knives we may feel satisfied that we have taken concrete, if tangential, action. Moreover, we are still recovering from an era characterized by intense fear of ideological unorthodoxy. In the wake of so stifling an intellectual climate, some of us may still wish to avoid coming to grips with controversial social issues. Instead, we may find it more comfortable to limit our discussions to such relatively non-controversial determinants of juvenile delinquency as old houses and old schools. Finally, many specialists in the field of human relations – psychologists, psychiatrists, educators and social workers – have tended to obscure matters by giving undue weight to the vicissitudes in the emotional development and family background of individual delinquents.

Nevertheless, if we adopt a sufficiently long-range viewpoint, we may discern several hopeful possibilities. The steadily increasing flow of American tourists to Europe suggests that we may be hungering for a kind of intellectual and emotional nourishment we have been unable to find at home. It is true that many of us seem interested exclusively in taking pictures or collecting trinkets abroad, but the day may come when our youngsters will enjoy widespread encouragement if they choose to study philosophy, write poetry or paint.

Similarly, we may yet evolve a more humane economy, one in which adults will not be embarrassed to use the word "welfare." In this regard, the government could do much to link the ideals of inter-personal cooperation and mutual concern with effective social realities. For example, a far-reaching national health plan and a social security program which is geared to the actual cost of living might provide the youth of this country with living institutions which would represent a buffer against the prevailing values of the marketplace. If children could grow up believing that it is considered socially legitimate for them seriously to work toward group ends rather than individual ones (while not, thereby losing "individuality"), much of the competitiveness which now seems to provoke cases of delinquency might be reduced. But these developments will come about slowly. Meanwhile, if we maintain our Sputnik-induced penchant for self-criticism, our grandchildren may have reason to think kindly of us.

The Vicious Circle

"We cannot expect to change our children in toto, to make them over into perfect human beings, notwithstanding the fact that the idea of perfection is a contradiction in terms to the all too human shortcomings in all of us. We can only try to bring out the best in all of them. They need not all go to college or become leaders in the business world, but if Harry becomes a truck driver, as he plans, we want to have helped him be a good truck driver who enjoys his life and makes it worth living to those he will be able to love. We try . . . to teach our children to be able to live successfully, not only in regard to what society expects of them, but also as to what they enjoy and what will one day make life meaningful to them. Most of all we try to help them make their peace with themselves and with one another.

"Learning how to live a useful and satisfying life has until recently been vested in the home, or in institutions like the church. It was taught to children mainly by example, by the unspoken values of the adults who raised them. Often it was not even obvious to adults that it was this they were teaching their children, nor did many of them think it at all necessary to teach the skills of living. That they were learned, often went without saying.

"But it is only in a society where the desirable way of living and of living together is commonly accepted by the vast majority (and therefore conveyed to the child by his parents) that the school can restrict itself to the teaching of academic skills and knowledge. The most important of all skills, that of living well with oneself and with others, can be acquired only by living in an emotionally stable and satisfying human environment. If too many families no longer provide it, a vicious circle is created because parents cannot convey to their children what they have never learned themselves. This vicious circle must be broken."

– Bruno Bettelheim, *Love Is Not Enough*, © The Free Press, 1950

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Edmund Wilson: the Critic as Novelist

by John Wain

I suppose the most immediately remarkable fact about Edmund Wilson is that he is a major American literary critic *who has no disciples*. Criticism is such an industry in the United States, such a haven where the not-very-distinguished literary mind can spread itself and feel important, that the entire continent is swarming with pocket Trillings and miniature Blackmurs, all pontificating away like mad. I think the reasons for this, which are quite valid, are largely social in character. The critic is a more important person in America than in Europe because the society as a whole is more fluid and bewildering; Americans have the feeling that a huge, raw experience has been thrust on to them, and they have to make sense of it; the critics are helping to make sense of the American experience. In England, critics are either drawing-room entertainers or straightforward moral teachers; Lord David Cecil always writes as if he were taking tea with the ladies, Dr. Leavis as if he were giving a sermon in a bare, draughty chapel of his own designing. In America, the critic is respectable and important because "culture," and particularly literature, and particularly American literature, offer a clue to this baffling "American experience" that everyone wants to share. Hence every major American critic, from Brooks to Wimsatt, from Winters to Wellek, has a shoal of imitators.

Memoirs of Hecate County
by Edmund Wilson
(Page; $6)

Except Mr. Wilson. Never once have I met, or seen anything written by, a young American critic who wants to grow up into a new Edmund Wilson; and the reasons for this might be worth looking into.

Some of them, of course, are obvious at first glance. To be a Wilsonian critic, even at a junior level, calls for a lot of effort. You can imitate, say, Mr. Blackmur, simply by refusing to express yourself clearly. Even Professor Trilling, with all his fineness of insight and his swift clarity of mind, has an easily imitable style (itself largely imitated, of course, from Matthew Arnold) which makes it no difficult matter to set up in business as a Trillingite. But it would be useless to try to imitate Edmund Wilson unless one had something like his breadth of literary equipment. Unlike the "New Critics," who proceed mainly by the elaboration of specialized skills, Wilson has kept alive the older notion of the critic as the man who, first and foremost, *knows more* than the reader. Whether or not one agrees with his judgments, an article by him is always informative.

This idea of the critic is not merely an old-fashioned one in general; it is also an old-fashioned American one. In the days when America was divided sharply into three strips – a cultured East, a raw and booming industrial Mid-West, and an uncharted frontier West – American literary critics and teachers appear to have accepted without question that their chief function was to instruct. They were there to act as intermediaries between their energetic countrymen and the artistic and intellectual nabobs of Europe. This ideal has now faded. When an ideal disappears, the reason generally is either that it has been fulfilled or that people have ceased to think in those particular terms. (The ideal of social justice, for instance, has vanished in England because, with a few spots here and there, we nowadays *have* social justice. That is why the thirties poets seem quaint today, more quaint than those of the twenties.) Probably the American ideal of absorbing European "culture" has neither exactly been fulfilled nor exactly forgotten; it may be that some of it was fulfilled and then the rest was forgotten; this, too, happens to ideals. However the case stands, one fact is clear. The old race of informing, polyglot critics vanished from the American scene as completely as the giant reptiles vanished from the earth.

Again, except for Mr. Wilson. It is as if one single dinosaur had survived; a bigger and better dinosaur than any of his ancestors, tough and adaptable enough to survive in a world which had, strictly speaking, no place for him. To drop the metaphor, Mr. Wilson is better than any of the old-style American critics because, having grown to maturity just as their age came to an end, he had to choose between abandoning the old, wide-ranging attitude of the "man of letters," or taking it up so vigorously as to make it valid and commanding in a world that had no inclination to encourage it for its own sake. He chose, as we all know, the second. He has written 19th-Century criticism in the 20th Century, and the result has been a triumphant success just because of that contradiction: just because, living in an alien time, he has had to be more sharply aware of what he was doing, more conscious of the *rationale* of his work, than the old genial ramblers-through-literature ever needed to be. He has, for example, spoken up for Saintsbury, in a time when Saintsbury (who was, admittedly, rather an absurd old character) has been a figure of fun to the few who know about him at all. Saintsbury appeals to Mr. Wilson because he liked reading; he would rather read than do anything else, and this alone makes him a sympathetic figure to Mr. Wilson, who also (one suspects) would rather read than do, at any rate, most things. (Once, when I said with a long face, "I shall never understand the Russian novel until I have read So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so," and gave a kind of groan at the thought of all the reading that lay between me and illumination, Mr. Wilson said to me sternly, "To a man who wishes to criticize literature, reading ought *never* to be a burden.") Similarly, he has praised Cyril

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Connolly, who seems to most of us over here in Britain to be an epigrammatist rather than a critic proper, by saying that, to Connolly, reading is a strong appetite which he loves to indulge and also to talk about. And all this is true, and refreshing.

I am a long time getting to Hecate County, and the reason, if you have not already guessed it, is a certain embarrassment. Mr. Wilson declares roundly that he likes it better than any of his other books, thereby setting us, his friends and readers, the same problem of etiquette that Milton used to set people by saying that *Paradise Regained* was the best of his poems. If I had to arrange Edmund Wilson's books in some sort of order, I would say that *Axel's Castle, The Wound and the Bow* and *The American Earthquake* were all together at the top, because Wilson sketching a social scene and Wilson expounding the work of a great writer are both the same kind of thing and both deeply satisfying; in second place I should put *Red, Black, Blond and Olive* (the anthropological Wilson appeals to me a little less than the social-and-literary-critical Wilson – but the section on Russia is magnificent); third, *A Piece of My Mind* and *Memoirs of Hecate County*, which seem to me to cover something like the same ground; lastly, the minor criticism, the parodies and squibs, *Europe Without Baedeker*, and the plays.

I like him best, that is to say, when he is taking me on a conducted tour of something. Part of the pleasure comes from the intrinsic interest of the scenes we are touring through, and part from the personality of the guide. Mr. Wilson has, to put it mildly, a strong character; if he tried to keep its flavor out of his writings, he would probably find the task impossible; but he does not try. It is this constant reminder of the critic's own presence that gives character to his work; for thoroughness, copiousness of reference, and steadiness of judgment, there are probably a score of professors who could match it. In a sense, it is like reading a travel-book or even a novel with a very strongly delineated hero; by the time we have travelled with Edmund Wilson through half-a-dozen countries, imaginative or actual, we begin to look forward to the next journey, irrespective of where it will lead us, simply to have the pleasure of travelling with such a companion.

That is the strength of Mr. Wilson's criticism. But it is, equally plainly, the weakness of his imaginative work. The character of an imaginative writer has something Protean, ungraspable, about it. Yeats remarked, in *The Bounty of Sweden*, that if he wrote an article or gave a lecture he felt buoyed up and confident, because he knew it was himself speaking – they were his opinions and he was in no doubt about them – whereas his poems never really seemed to belong to him. "What came so easily at first, and amidst so much drama, and was written so laboriously at the last, cannot be counted among my possessions."

Mr. Wilson's fiction, to put it into these terms, is all too definitely "one of his possessions." *Memoirs of Hecate County* consists of a series of stories and sketches, of varying lengths, which concern a well-to-do suburbanized country district, its inhabitants, its history, and to some extent its geography and geology. The one connecting link between the stories, apart from their locale, is the presence of a single narrator, sometimes active in the plot and sometimes a mere observer. This character is a man in his late twenties (that dangerous passage through the rapids!) who has, it appears, some reputation as a critic (of painting) and in general is a thoughtful and literate person, interested in the historical and psychological motives that lead people to behave as they do.

In other words, *Hecate County* is no different in method from *The American Earthquake* or *Axel's Castle*. It is a conducted tour, skillfully and vividly done; Mr. Wilson has decided not to appear in the role of himself, and therefore comes before us in dark glasses and with a little crepe hair on his upper lip, but we know it's *him* all right. And we know that he has invented Hecate County and its inhabitants as pegs on which to hang certain things he wants to say about America, about people, about money and sex and painting and music. (Part of the attraction of writing this book, obviously, was that it gave Mr. Wilson a chance to indulge in brief outings as a critic of painting and music, though the narrator keeps forgetting that literature is not his main subject and keeps making good round Wilsonian judgments on it.)

I enjoyed the book twelve years ago when it was first published, and I enjoyed it again on re-reading. But my enjoyment was never of the kind one has in reading a story. These sketches aren't stories; they are essays. There is the same strong, idiosyncratic personality in control, the same logical step-by-step marshalling of the material, the same alteration of presentation and comment. Just as, in the critical essays, Mr. Wilson first tells us something about the author's work and then comments on it, so here he gives us a slab of narrative and then talks about the significance of what he has told us. The result is a critical essay, dealing with a certain phase of American life in a certain place, except that the characters are "imaginary." I put the word in quotation marks because, of course, there is no more "imagination" here than in Mr. Wilson's portrait of, say, the girl on trial for murder in his essay "The People vs. Dorothy Perkins." Dorothy Perkins, as it happens, was "real"; but Mr. Wilson's reconstruction of her life and situation, in his essay, was just as much a feat of "imagination" as his manipulation of the Hecate County puppets.

In short, the *Memoirs of Hecate County*, written with more intelligence and a keener sensibility than could be mustered by any dozen Book Club writers rolled into one, is still a disappointment. There is an effort, a lack of relaxation, about it, as if Mr. Wilson were saying to us, "Look, this is something more important than my critical work: it's all out of my own head! I've *imagined* these people!" – when all the time what we are enjoying is the acumen, the sanity of judgment, the historical sense; all qualities that come from the author's ratiocinative and analytical mind, not from his imagination at all.

There is, of course, an element of this in all fiction; the novelist uses his experience of life, his knowledge of men and affairs, and indeed his plain common sense, in very much the same way as a lawyer or doctor might; the element that is purely imagined, purely "created," would seem small if we could distill it out and weigh it. Only we can't, of course; the blend is indissoluble; Con-

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rad was a master mariner, and yet it is an imaginative vision of the sea that he gives us. Mr. Wilson's vision of Hecate County, to my mind, is not imaginative; it is expository, critical. One sees this, I think, if one looks closely at the narrative scaffolding. The whole way in which the material is presented strikes me as much more like a lecturer's marshalling of his data than a story-teller's spellbinding.

Take the opening of that amusing and piquant fable, "The Milhollands and Their Damned Soul." The narrator comes before us as usual and begins;

> "One April in the early thirties I happened to visit on successive evenings two houses that presented a contrast and as to which it would never have entered my head that they had any close connection with one another."

This, while not quite such an arresting first sentence as "Call me Ishmael" or "The door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in," is quite adequate; we want to know what the households were and why they inspired these particular feelings in the narrator. But the interest, as usual, is *critical;* the tone, expository.

The story then proceeds, "The first of these was Warren Milholland's. I had known him when I was a student at college and he was a young English instructor." And at once we plunge into restrospect about that period of American education; interesting, but not as interesting as, say, Mr. Wilson's essay on Christian Gauss in *The Triple Thinkers,* where he really paints a vivid picture of Princeton in about 1914. However, the paragraph sums up the academic milieu that Milholland used to inhabit, and sums up the middle-brow publishing milieu that he now inhabits.

Next paragraph: we are still on the first of the two houses, and the narrator tells us his feelings as he enters the house, which is in Gramercy Park. Barrymore, Sheldon, O. Henry, James Huneker, and other local *genii* are invoked. Gramercy Park *does* have that kind of atmosphere, and we recognize it with pleasure. Next paragraph: the characters at the party are described. A middle-aged Southern woman whose novel has just been selected by Milholland's Book Club, an Irishman, a Frenchman, and so on; each is ticketed with an amusingly tart description, and once again the reader thinks "Yes, I know what he means." Next paragraph: the Milhollands. She was originally a faculty wife and has remained one; he is the middlebrow academic who branches out into Book Club blurb-writing, and we are given specimens of his judgment: "Carl Van Vechten was the American Congreve, Joseph Hergesheimer the American Flaubert, and James Branch Cabell the American Anatole France." Again the amusement. But again the feeling that this simply is not fiction: it is criticism.

Three more paragraphs and we have finished with the Milholland household. We next find ourselves in the second house promised in the opening sentence, that of a man named Flagler Haynes. This character, as the hint of flagellation in his name warns us, is the "damned soul," *i.e. âme damnée,* fall guy or cat's paw, according to which language you are speaking. His apartment is described, so are the guests, and once again we recognize New York literary types. (Now and again I fancied I recognized an actual person, but this would be largely beside the point.)

This story, in short, begins with at least ten pages of solid documentation, which one reads with enjoyment because of its crispness and rough justice, but which is not fiction and ought not, in the last resort, to be offering itself as fiction. In the same way the next story, "Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn at Home," begins with meditations on the landscape of the Hecate County area, and modulates into a discussion of American life as seen, or not seen, by refugees from Europe in the thirties. It is fascinating, but it is an essay, not a story; and the story, when it does come, never succeeds in displacing it.

"There is not much need to worry ourselves about the function of criticism," Middleton Murry wrote in 1921, "any more than we worry about the function of poetry. Both are arts; both have to give delight; both have to give the delights which are proper to themselves as arts." Edmund Wilson's criticism does give this delight, the delight "proper to itself as an art." And the whole trouble with his fiction is that one cannot, ultimately, pay it the same compliment.

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Where Reforms are Revolutionary

by Victor Alba

What the Spaniards found when they first came to America were theocracies whose economic life was rigidly controlled. The Spanish Crown thereupon imposed *its* controls—monopolies and a tight class system. When independence finally came, the Latin American states still were led by oligarchies which spoke the language of political democracy but which in fact were state-interventionist in their economic thinking and practice. Today, the idea of a state-directed economy is accepted throughout Latin America as something necessary and not inconsistent with human freedom.

Freedom and Reform in Latin America
Edited by Frederick B. Pike
(Notre Dame; $6)

This is an important difference between America of the south and America of the north. Take the name of the dominant political party in Mexico—the PRI or *Partido Revolucionario Institucional.* Revolutionary, you say! That "revolution" should be a permanent characteristic of an institution is nearly incomprehensible to North Americans. But it is normal for the Latin American. For to him, reform has almost never come about by legal means; reforms have been the product of revolutions, and the regimes that evolve from them consider themselves as "revolutionary" so long as reforms remain to be accomplished.

Frederick B. Pike says all this very well in his introduction to this volume of twelve essays, all of which express the opinions of Latin Americans about their "good neighbor":

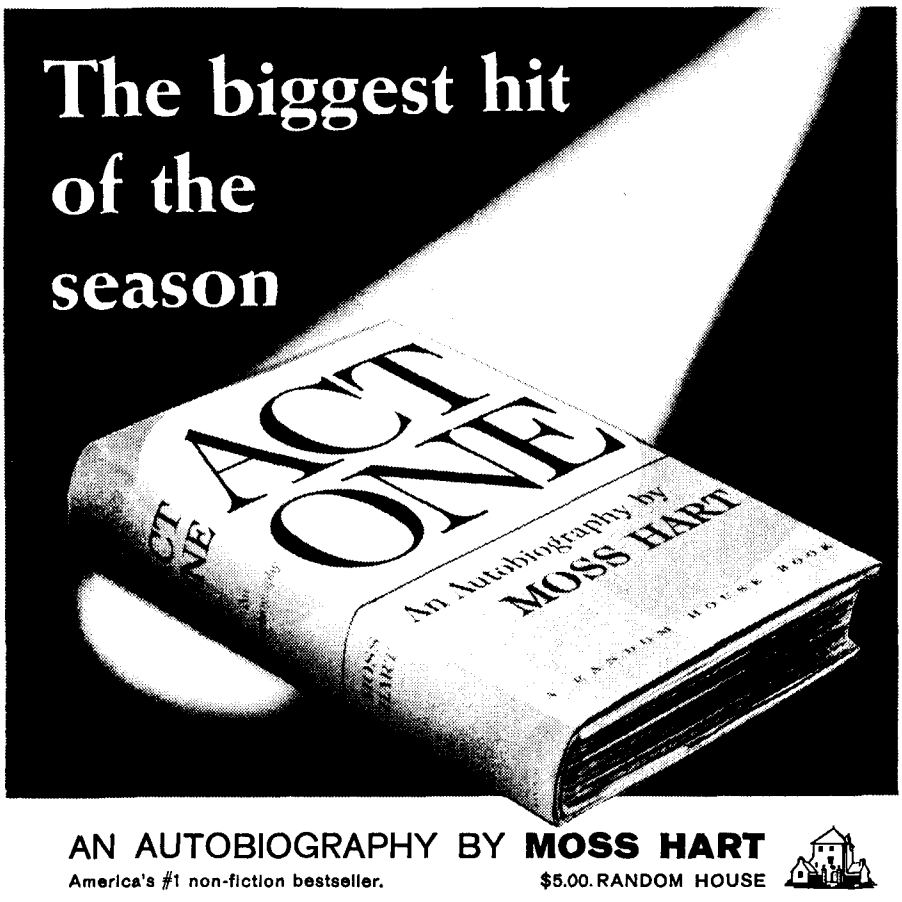
> "US relations with Latin America have been characterized by long periods of forgetfulness, alternating with sudden, convulsive and ephemeral areas of concentrated heedfulness. The long periods of inattention, usually on the whole free from incident of a sensational nature, have probably done more to damage hemispheric relations than the more notorious publicized acts of indiscretion which have now and then produced giant headlines and drastically strained relations."

With industrialization, a middle class has begun to form in Latin America. Politically, the aspirations of this new class are expressed by such nationalist (and revolutionary) movements as APRA of Peru, the *Acción Democratica* in Venezuela, *Liberacion* in Costa Rica and the PRI in Mexico. Since the fall of Peron in 1955, these movements have taken over from dictators and, in certain countries, from the Christian Democrats. As time goes on, they will become the predominant influence throughout the continent.

What characteristics have these movements in common? They are democratic partisans of what might be called a "welfare state"; they are nationalistic without being anti-American; they are anti-Communist; they prefer international public investments to foreign private investments in their countries; they want to improve standards of living without jettisoning the principles of a free society. Indeed, I believe that among the underdeveloped regions of the world, Latin America is the one that most earnestly is trying to find the formula for reconciling social reforms and economic development with liberty.

The book that Professor Pike has edited helps us to understand not only what changes are taking place, but why these changes will soon make anachronistic US diplomacy south of the Rio Bravo. The experts and the themes have been intelligently selected and the fact that among the authors there are several Catholic professors has special significance in the light of changes within the Church in recent years, its drift from conservatism and toleration of dictators.

Latin America now has the highest rate of population increase in the world. The attendant problems of urbanization, of land tenure pose some very practical challenges to American diplomacy. But it is a pity that the book ignores one important development: the increasing disposition of Latin American countries to see many of their problems in a con-



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tinental rather than purely national framework; and, more specifically, the effect of this trend on the structure of the various military forces.

One conclusion is irresistible: the present situation is unique, and one can only hope President Eisenhower, who will soon travel to Latin America, understands this. Latin America is *living* a revolution of continuous reform. What it needs more than technical assistance, more than investments and public credits is active US identification with those who aspire to become conservatives when they have given their countries something to conserve.

His Eye is on the Hummingbird

by Susan M. Black

A bouquet of the season's lost roses to busy Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who has just found the time to have a busy book published. In his latest literary endeavor he dwells on two of his many jobs ("private eye, or public ear," which is to say a Lanny Budd for the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt; and roving correspondent for the late Fulton Oursler's *Liberty* magazine) but he covers additional areas of time and space with frequent references to his Newport youth, his family's feuds, his Army days and his nine unsuccessful ventures: tabloid newspapers (3) and marriages (6). *Man of the World* is a tale told by a man whose greatest achievement in recent years is getting the Gabor girls into this country.

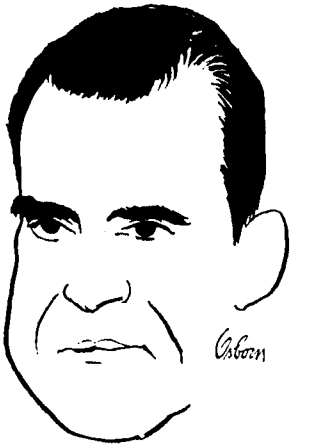
Man of the World:
My Life on Five Continents
by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
(Crown; $5)

But let other critics call this book distasteful, naïve, fatuous (or even outright silly), perplexing, gossipy and/or inaccurate. Long ago these wiser but older men learned not to judge a book by its cover. In these troubled and complex times, however, a new lesson is in order: you can't tell a book by its overt contents. If a book purports to be a serious autobiography with an accent on things political, surely it is not; one must seek for its hidden, *real* meaning.

One statement alone will show the careful reader that Mr. Vanderbilt's book can really be regarded only as comedy of the highest caliber. The author has written: "Working for Rob Wagner on *Script* and for other good editors, I had learned not to be a name-dropper in print. . . ." Just fancy this statement in a book of 342 pages which is preceded by a page of acknowledgment to the 157 people (a potpourri of senators, gossip columnists, diplomats and movie stars) who helped Vanderbilt round up anecdotes and other interesting bits of information and proceeded by a five page index which includes some 405 proper names. (This, any mathematician will tell you, is a drop and 18/100 of one per page). Names from a to z, from Achmed Abdullah to Efrem Zimbalist; names dropped with the epitome of casualness ("Spellman – he's now the cardinal – "); names that include Dwika (his Mother's dog) Vanderbilt and sixteen other members of the family; and also Samuel Clemens, indexed a second time as Mark Twain but tallied only once by me. But just as *The Book of Names* would have been a more accurate title, so the subtitle should have read *My Eye is on the Hummingbird*; the author's affection for details runs second only to his love of names.

This, of course, is fortuitous. Better to concentrate on recording the dessert served at a 1936 luncheon at Hyde Park (red raspberry ice cream) than on who ran for what and when. When Mr. Vanderbilt writes that Roosevelt's running mate in 1940 was Barkley and that his opponent for the Presidency was Dewey, what are we to conclude? – that (1) encyclopedias make mistakes? (2) authors make mistakes? The correct answer is (3) editors and proofreaders make mistakes, as Mr. Vanderbilt says he taught one perceptive reviewer. His grateful letter to that reviewer congratulated him on "catching errors in dates which escaped the editors and proofreaders at Crown."

Though I found it hard to follow, per-



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by William Costello

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haps other readers will find meaning in such statements as: "I never thought . . . that Hitler was a madman. He was sometimes crazy like a fox, and at other times misled by his own wishful thinking, but on the whole he represented his people as well as, say, Fidel Castro today represents Cuba."

But wait until the logists (socio-, psycho- and anthropo-) discover this book. They should not only have the most to say about it but also the most fun with it. What couldn't they infer from the author's personalized theory of history, whereby all facts are monogrammed with the author's initials. What fixation couldn't they attribute to a writer who is granted an interview with Pope Pius and who deems as a highlight of his visit a glimpse of the vicar of Christ on earth clad in an undershirt and a pair of old gray pants . . . and who sees Mussolini two days and two pages later and records, significantly, that Il Duce "was wearing a sports shirt, open two buttons from the top so you could see his hairy chest beneath his undershirt" – ?

MOVIES

Arty Horror, Straight Suspense

Suddenly, Last Summer (Columbia)
Sapphire (U-I)
Tiger Bay (Continental)

In his life of Rossini, Stendhal says that only a man capable of making a fool of himself for love can have the power to understand fine art. One might adapt this to read: "Only the man capable of fine art has the courage to make a fool of himself over something he loves"; and then apply it to *Suddenly, Last Summer* by Tennessee Williams. This is, basically, a foolish, unrewarding work, but it could not have been conceived or written except by a dramatist of extraordinary talent. What has happened, presumably, is that Williams has in this piece plunged so far into its nether reaches after an idea that he has lost his sense of relevancy. Instead of showing us horror and suffering as related to the streams of possible or desirable life, he has created an exercise in Grand Guignol.

To make it worse, he has plunged with such blind fervor that he has not composed a good Guignol. It is thin and distended, and although the dialogue is in aptness and figuration beyond the reach of almost any other contemporary American dramatist, the result is static – even more so than in most plays which consist of the gradual revelation of events that occurred before the curtain rose. The film script is simply an arbitrarily prolonged question to which we are finally given an answer.

The question is: what has unsettled young Catherine Holly's mind and why is her aunt anxious to have a lobotomy performed on her so that she will not remember the cause? The doctor who is being urged to operate, by imploration and professional pressure, soon becomes a sort of private eye trying to solve his "case," rather than a physician intent on cure. Even the last scene, in which all the principals are gathered and Catherine finally is able to tell the truth, is like the obligatory scene in most mysteries where the detective assembles all the suspects and finally unmasks the criminal.

The film is further handicapped because censorship lets it only hint at the point on which it depends: a confrontation of the fact of the homosexuality of a young man (dead before the film begins) and the devious way in which he has made his mother and his cousin serve it. We are given, instead, circumlocutions both about this and the bizarre death to which his homosexuality brought him.

As the rich aunt, who makes her first entrance and last exit in a facilely symbolic openwork elevator in her mansion, Katharine Hepburn gives a trenchant performance in a part not quite worth the conviction she gives it. Elizabeth Taylor, as carefully directed as she was in *Cat on A Hot Tin Roof*, is sometimes vital and at the very end strikes a spark or two. Montgomery Clift, as the young doctor, is present a good deal of the time, but his contribution is small. Clift had, in earlier days, a certain fine-drawn tremulousness, limited but sometimes quite moving. It has gone; and his present effect, I'm afraid, is that of a husk that once contained a small kernel.

Joseph L. Mankiewicz's direction is adept in technical cinema terms; he knows how to handle a camera, he understands cutting and internal tempo. But his whole labor in this instance is to give screen life to a story that fights it every inch of the way. He is driven to such cheap B-picture effects as using close-ups of demented people in an asylum to scare us. But one can sympathize with his desperation to find some way of making this film come visually alive.

From arty horror to straight suspense: two recent British films are worth notice. *Sapphire*, with Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Bernard Miles, is neatly written, well paced, crisply drilled home. *Tiger Bay*, with Horst Buchholz, Hayley Mills (the 12-year-old daughter of John Mills), and another brief appearance by Yvonne Mitchell, is a reasonably good variation on a familiar theme: the fleeing murderer who is thrown into contact with someone (in this case, a child) who brings out qualities in him which make the certainties ahead of him all the more poignant. Although this film is generally entertaining, it could have been much better if directed by a less sentimental hand who played for suspense and let the sentiment come through.

Both films are additionally notable because they reflect the race situation in Britain. In *Tiger Bay*, it is only background: the slums of Cardiff are full of

"LET US FACE IT, *the United States Congress is not Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is tempting to gaze up at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and sigh for publicly sponsored art. But it is necessary, whatever the political circumstance, to gaze at some of the offsetting monstrosities the state has built. A long walk around the castle of Mafra in Portugal. Or—to return to the modern context—a long day with the British Broadcasting Company. Any day will do; they are all long.*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. N-1, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for free copy.

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Negroes and whites; the murderer hides in a church where a Negro wedding is going on, attended by Negroes and whites. In *Sapphire* the whole plot depends on the fact that the murdered girl is Negro, and a long string of current English attitudes and situations regarding Negroes is sketched in. The British have a considerable history of treating social-political subjects in thrillers, in print and on film, and they continue to do well at it. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATER

Andersonville Revisited

The Andersonville Trial
by Saul Levitt
(Henry Miller Theater)

Ever since Aeschylus first put Orestes into the dock before the court of the Areopagus for the murder of his mother, playwrights have tried to exploit the strong structural similarities between the drama and the criminal trial. Like a play, the trial is based on conflict, and moves along through suspense, climax, revelation, and reversal; plaintiff and defendant – as well as prosecuting attorney and defense counsel – constitute natural antagonists; and the spatial and temporal restrictions of the courtroom impose upon the proceedings an almost classical dramatic unity. But although the form of the trial is intrinsically dramatic, its procedure poses problems, for the trial is less an imitation than a recollection of an action. Ideally, the legal process is designed to recapitulate a past event in an atmosphere of relative calm, to inquire into the deed and the motive after the initial passion has been spent. That familiar courtroom consternation of plays and movies, where witnesses faint, lawyers grapple, and the judge screams for order, is an attempt to inject some theatricality into an essentialily untheatrical occasion – and it is little wonder that the authors of such works ("*Inherit the Wind*," assert Lawrence and Lee, "does not pretend to be journalism. It is theater") are at pains to dissociate their melodramatic fictions from the living event.

Saul Levitt's *The Andersonville Trial* is something different, an attempt at factual accuracy which is more successful as journalism than as theater. Leaning heavily on the court records, Levitt has recreated the trial of Henry Wirz (commandant of the notorious Confederate prison camp), and his play has both historic interest and an authentic courtroom atmosphere; sometimes, when the author analyzes the implications of the trial, it also possesses intelligence and distinction. Yet, compelling as history, the work is shapeless, directionless, even tedious as drama. That the trial needs to be supported by a more ordered dramatic story is obvious, but not obvious enough to have occurred to Levitt until halfway through the play. Since the material of the trial is somewhat intractable, Levitt invents a moral dilemma for the Judge Advocate which, being introduced between the testimony, is only half developed and falsely resolved.

The testimony makes it clear why another story is necessary: Wirz is too insignificant to be central to the play. Witness after witness is able to describe the monstrous conditions prevailing at this "animal pit" where 14,000 Union prisoners died of starvation, neglect, and disease; yet, none is able to assign responsibility to Wirz who was always following the orders of his superior. Since this superior has escaped trial (Levitt never tells us why), Wirz emerges as a scapegoat condemned to satisfy the Union's thirst for vengeance. We are confronted with a timid felon identified with a radical evil; and, in consequence, the quivering, frightened, hysterical Swiss immigrant pales into insignificance beside the enormity of the crime.

In other words, Wirz is a cipher, and it is because he is a cipher that he is condemned. Lacking other grounds for guilt, the Judge Advocate brings on the "moral issue," charging that Wirz should have disobeyed his orders and alleviated conditions at the camp. The handling of the "moral issue" constitutes the Advocate's dilemma, for the military court cannot admit that a subordinate has the right to disobey a superior. Warned to refrain from pursuing this argument lest he jeopardize his career, the Advocate agonizes for a while about his own position ("Are we all Wirz under the skin?"), finally deciding to press the issue anyway. It is at this point that Levitt falls into the clichés of courtroom melodrama. The court listens to the Advocate's impassioned plea for a "human victory in this room," professes itself "moved" by his rhetoric, and permits him to proceed. Wirz is reduced to jelly on the stand and, in the last scene, is taken off to be hanged – guilty, it would seem, not of being a villain but of having failed to be a hero. Meanwhile, the Judge Advocate is permitted the grotesque illusion that he has somehow "purified" this ludicrous mockery of a trial. And what began as an interesting play of ideas is reduced to that facile Broadway formula where the hero both maintains his integrity and advances his career, while the curtain descends quickly to hide everyone's blushes.

As for the production, it too mixes virtue with synthetic moments, though its flaws are of a different nature. Jose Ferrer has grouped his actors to look like a Matthew Brady daguerrotype and directed a refreshing, extroverted performance which often has size, movement, and scope. Yet, he is over-anxious to provide dramatic excitement when the play drags. Weighty pauses precede insignificant revelations, and irrelevant characteristics (one soldier, for no apparent reason, giggles all through his story of a murder) are invented for underwritten characters. As the Judge Ad-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain *is a prominent young British novelist. His newest work is* A Travelling Woman. Victor Alba *is a Mexican Journalist and the author of several books on Latin America.* Susan M. Black *is the author of a spoof of* "A Night Before Christmas" *which appeared in the December 21 issue of this journal.*

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vocate, George C. Scott – giving a gravelly, violent, slithery performance – also uses illegitimate techniques to keep the action electric; the Judge is characterized as a "humane man," but Scott plays him like a stalking jaguar whose teeth click whenever he gets near human meat. As Wirz, Herbert Berghof has practically nothing to say in the first act, but it is difficult to ignore him when he nuzzles his grey beard into his sagging shoulder, his scalp glowing with perspiration, and mumbles clownishly to himself; in the second act, he explodes into wild, inarticulate blubbering which is somehow less effective, though more histrionic.

For me, however, the most pertinent acting of the evening came from James Greene in a minor role, for he managed, by his cadaverous presence and nervous gestures, to convey more about the horrors of Andersonville than a thousand words of testimony. For it is the latter-day evocation of the camp itself which gives the play its interest. Saul Levitt's dramatization, despite an intermittent spray of interesting ideas, does not successfully reconcile the courtroom to the proscenium, but, one hundred years after the event, it does conjure up a sense of the horror. Pointing towards Dachau and Buchenwald, the rotting fingers of Andersonville still hold a sinister grip on the modern soul.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Epistle to the Columbians

Sirs:

This is in regard to Eric Bentley's criticism (December 28) of Hans Morgenthau's position re Van Doren's dismissal from Columbia University (December 21). Bentley's first and chief point is that Morgenthau missed one whole side of the truth, namely: that "one does not hit a man when he is down." Morgenthau answered this in the seventh paragraph of the original article when he said: "It is nowhere written that a man is entitled to his first murder, his first fraud, or his first lie. The moral law is not a utilitarian instrument . . . its commands are absolute and must be obeyed for their own sake." As a probation officer, I can assure Bentley that our courts "strike a man when he is down" every time they pass a sentence.

In further pursuit of his point, Bentley adds that he is "glad [the students] feel sympathy for failure rather than for the triumph of righteousness." But Van Doren's failure was the willful failure of an educated man to observe the moral and criminal law. Surely, Mr. Bentley is not asking us to sympathize with evil conduct.

If it is of any comfort to Bentley, we must acknowledge that his brand of morality has been orthodox in American culture for several decades. This view of man as the social product of his own intelligence, exclusively, recognizes evil only as maladjustment in human organisms or human relations, not as the product of conflict in the human heart. It has produced existentialism in religion, progressive education in our public schools, abstract expressionism in art, logical positivism in our social sciences, freedom without order, faith without deeds, license where we need responsibility, and science where we need philosophy.

In short, not only are our moral standards declining, but our standards of excellence in every vital area of the national life are correspondingly showing a steady decline. Hans Morgenthau is a lone courageous voice crying in the wilderness.

Frank N. Theriault
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

I should like to congratulate you on the publication of *Epistle to the Columbians*. The author has rendered us an immense service by defining so clearly the two criteria by which great men are to be recognized – and by volunteering himself as an immediate example of such greatness. It is disturbing to discover from Professor Morgenthau's bitter denunciation that students today are frightened and smug and incapable of independent judgment. I suppose that many of these misguided young people will fail to accept at face value Professor Morgenthau's revelation that he, unlike ordinary men, has never lost "the vital

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contact with the transcendence of the moral law." But right-thinking people everywhere will scorn this skepticism.

In this brief Epistle, Professor Morgenthau offers us the compact wisdom of modern philosophy: *treat every moral imperfection as if it were incest or murder, and punish it accordingly.* Only such a philosophy – precisionist and vindictive – can reconcile mankind's self-respect with its indulgence in atomic war.

Alan Levensohn
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Professor Morgenthau is to be most heartily congratulated for his clear exposition of the moral issues involved in the Van Doren situation. His sincerity and clarity should indeed help those who are uncertain as to the ethical problems inherent in Van Doren's actions – as well as those who feel that moral issues were entirely irrelevant . . . Professor Morgenthau's words were the finest writing on the particular incident that I have read.

Bert Rosenstock
New York, N. Y.

Carcinogens and the Law

Sirs:

I am amazed that *The New Republic* would oppose the Delaney Amendment forbidding additions in any proportions to food which cause cancer in test animals. Many cancer experts would recoil at your stand. At its symposium in Rome in 1956, the International Union Against Cancer warned against the use in food of substances having *potential* carcinogenicity. The following resolution was unanimously approved:

> "Any substance which causes cancer in man or which, when tested under these conditions (strict tests), is shown conclusively to be a carcinogen at *any* dosage level, for *any* species of animals, following administration by any route, should not be considered innocuous for human consumption."

This symposium was attended by 40 cancer experts from 20 countries. It seems to me to be about the most explicit repudiation of the tolerance level approach that one could ask for.

Eric Cox
Washington, D. C.

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

David Dubinsky, President

MEMO TO:
Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor
The New Republic

FROM:
Gus Tyler, Director,
ILGWU Training Institute

Subject:
A CAREER WITH A CHALLENGE

Your readers, especially those under the age of 35, have been a source of talent, inspiration and raw material for us during the last few years. Each year, we have heard from your readers in response to our appeal for dedicated young men and women to work in the labor movement.

We are convinced that in every generation there is a segment of young people who would like to play a courageous and active role in changing the shape of things, and we are therefore renewing our invitation to a career that others – in this decade – have found a rewarding way of life.

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The Training Institute is now in its tenth year. 140 of its graduates now hold union office in the ILGWU. Virtually all started as organizers – to learn the labor movement at the grass roots. While some continue at this mission as their first and enduring love, others branch out to take on responsibilities as business agents, local union managers, educational and political directors, area supervisors, time study experts, etc.

There is nothing soft or cushy about any of these jobs. But then we are not looking for young people who want the easy plush life. We want those who will enjoy the sting of challenge.

To these, we open the doors of the Institute. Write before April 15: ILGWU Training Institute, 1710 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

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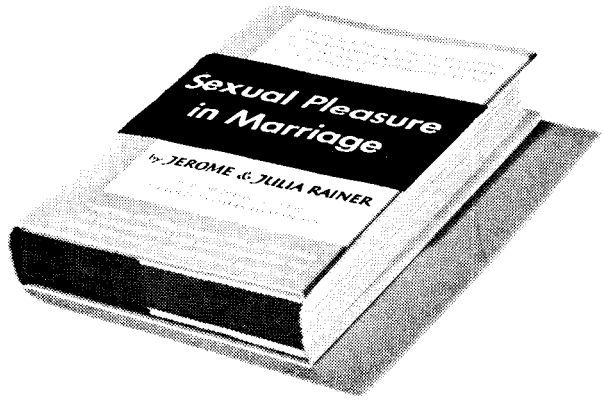

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